NEW BOOKS.

The Stirring Deeds of Mr. Masterson.

Alfred Henry Lewis's story of "The Sunset Trail" (A. S. Barnes & Co.) tells of the deeds of Bat Masterson, always called Mr. Masterson in the narrative. He was distinguished by "primeval gravities and silences," did not ask or answer questions, and did not take or give advice. He was "few of years," or, as we should say, young, and a swell in his way. His spurs were of wrought steel, traced with gold; the red handkerchief knotted about his brown throat was silk, and not cotton; his gray sombrero was enriched with a band of braided gold and silver made in the likeness of a rattlesnake, and he wore a crimson sash wound twice about his waist, the fringed ends depending handsomely along his left leg.

A strong man of the plains, of course. He was a buffalo slayer and he did not overlook Indians. Ruth Pemberton came out from the East visiting. She was properly chaperoned. She had rice white teeth set in roseleaf lips, and was otherwise lovely. The Count Banti, a suitor from Europe, was in her party. He was wild to get at the Indians. When Ruth Pemberton set her most interesting eyes on Mr. Masterson "she secretly admired his powerful shoulders and compared him—graceful and limber and litha as a mountain lion—with the tubby Count Banti, to that patrician's disadvantage. Also, Mr. Masterson's hands and feet were smaller than those of Count Banti."

Ruth and the Count went out in a buckboard to see Mr. Masterson shoot buffaloes. Mr. Masterson crept through the grass toward a herd of these doomed animals. Encountering a coiled rattlesnake in his path, he poked it with his rifle and made it move away. Ruth Pemberton sat entranced in the buckboard, oblivious of the Count. She followed the operations of Mr. Masterson with a field glass. At the end of twenty minutes Mr. Masterson rose on one knee and began shooting buffaloes with a buffalo gun. He had shot three and "might have stood in his tracks and slain a dozen score" had not the herd suddenly lumbered off at a right angle.

They had been frightened by Cheyenne Indians. The Indians approached. Mr. Masterson got Ruth Pemberton and the Count into the shelter of a buffalo wallow. There were ten Indians. They began to shoot. The Count, prostrate, gave noisy expression to his terror. Mr. Masterson shot an Indian. Then there were nine. The nine charged in open formation. Mr. Masterson shot five of them. In Mr. Lewis's vivid language: "The thing was on and by and over in a moment; the charging Cheyennes went to right and left, unable to ride up against that tide of death which set so fiercely in their faces. Nine Cheyennes made that charge upon the buffalo wallow; Ruth Pemberton counted but four to flash to the rear at the close." These four rode to the river and went "squattering" across. The Count sat up and looked foolish. Ruth Pemberton turned from him, ashamed.

Alas for Ruth Pemberton! At the end of four days she had to depart on the journey home. "Four days; and the buckboard bearing Ruth Pemberton, Madam Pemberton and Count Banti drew away for the North. A Lieutenant with ten cavalrymen, going from Fort Elliot to Dodge, accompanied them by way of escort." As the buckboard reached the ridge behind which it was to disappear Ruth looked back and saw a rider waving his sombrero in farewell. It was Mr. Masterson. "Ruth Pemberton gazed and still gazed; the hunger of the brown eyes was as though her love lay starving. The trail sloped sharply downward, and the picture of the statue horseman on the hill was snatched away. With that—her life turned drab and desolate—Ruth Pemberton slipped to the floor of the buckboard and buried her face in her mother's kindly lap."

A sad case, and shockingly sudden. Mr. Masterson kept on with his unstudied exhibitions of poise and power. We can merely outline the tragic story of the Wild Rose of the Canadian, whose other name was Mollie Brennan. The Wild Rose fell in love with Mr. Masterson, just as Ruth Pemberton had done, simply from looking at him. When the jealous Sergeant King shot twice at our hero, one shot wounded him grievously and the other killed the Wild Rose, who had run in between. "The Wild Rose fell; at her side fell Sergeant King, snuffed out by the unfailing six-shooter of Mr. Masterson. Hard hit as he was, Mr. Masterson raised the Wild Rose in his arms. She opened her brown eyes swimming with love. Mr. Masterson, looking into the soft depths, saw that love and knew it for his own. Even as he gazed the warm lights failed and faded; the rose flush deserted the cheek. In the arms of Mr. Masterson the Wild Rose lay dead."

This is at page 99, and we find Mr. Masterson still shooting at page 389, which is within four pages of the end of the book. His last shots fired in this tale pierced the ribs of Mr. Updegraffe fatally and fanned the nose of Mr. Peacock, who had found shelter for himself with the exception of his nose. If the reader wishes for more than this story contains we shall consider that he is greedy indeed.

Mr. Shaw on a 60-Page Ramble.

Mr. G. Bernard Shaw is capable of being discursive, and in his little book, "On Going to Church" (John W. Luce & Co., Boston), he speaks of his diet. For more than twelve years, he tells us, he has tried the experiment of not eating meat or drinking tea, coffee or spirits. It may be that his very notable modesty and repression are due to this somewhat heroic caution. He reviews the effect upon his fellow men of various matters that he himself does not touch. He tells us:

"An exhibition of the cleverest men and women in London at 5 P. M., with their afternoon tea cut off, would shatter many illusions. Tea and coffee and cigarettes produce conversation; lager beer and pipes produce routine journalism; wine and gallantry produce brilliant journalism, essays and novels; brandy and cigars produce violently devotional or erotic poetry; morphia produces tragic exaltation (useful on the stage); and sobriety produces an average curate's sermon."

More observations of the sort follow. "Most of the activity of the Press, the Pulpit, the Platform and the Theater is only a symptom of the activity of the drug trade, the tea trade, the tobacco tra e and the liquor trade." "The mark left on a novel in the *Leisure Hour* by a cup of tea may be imperceptible to a Bishop's wife who has just had two cups; but the effect is there as certainly as if De Quincey's 8,000 drops of laudanum had been substituted." The essay goes on in this way to the middle of page 14; at that point, which marks the end of precisely one-quarter of the whole work, the author speaks of going to church.

If anybody sees a bicycle leaning against a tombstone in a country churchyard, he may reasonably conclude that Mr. Shaw is in the church, supposing it to be an old church or a new church of the right sort. What Mr. Shaw asks of the master builder of churches is: "Mirror this cathedral for me in enduring stone; make it with hands; let it direct its sure and clear appeal to my senses, so that when my spirit is vaguely groping after an elusive mood my eye shall be caught by the skyward tower, showing me where, within the cathedral, I may find my way to the cathedral within me."

At page 21 we come to the anecdote of the Westminster Abbey verger who had a stranger arrested for kneeling down, and explained, in reply to a remonstrance, that if that sort of thing were tolerated they would soon have people praying all over the place. The anecdote is used in illustration. At page 26 Mr. Shaw says: "Go to Milan and join the rush of tourists to its petrified christening cake of a cathedral." At page 32, having come to Verona, he says: "Let a man go and renew himself for half an hour occasionally in San Zeno, and he need eat no corpses nor drink any drugs or drams to sustain him——," which carries us back again to the question of diet.

Some anecdotes follow. There is considerable about the new church of St. George's in Newcastle, including praise, in Mr. Shaw's manner, of "one Spence," the architect, whose work, according to the sexton, included the Mosaic decoration around the chancel, the marble carving in the altar, the ironwork, the wooden figure of St. George, the stained windows, and four panels in the dado with figures in oil. Mr. Shaw reports that he found himself irritated, "feeling that Spence was going too far." Some recollections of childhood come after, and some comments, not too decorous, upon religious belief. These conclude what Mr. Shaw has to say on the subject of going to church.

Mr. Jack London's Socialistic Observations.

Jack London's "War of the Classes" presents the significant features of the so-called labor struggle in America in a series of correlated essays, direct and trenchant in style, fresh and vigorous in thought, and, despite necessary verification in statistics, exceedingly entertaining in matter. Mr. London confesses himself a Socialist in the preface, and in the concluding chapter gives an account of his conversion from the optimism "bred of a stomach that could digest scrap iron, a body which flourished on hardship," and a life in the open West, "where men bucked big and the job hunted the man," to a consciousness of the "submerged tenth," a realization of the "Social Pit" and a determination to keep out of it brought about by a visit to the congested labor centers of the East.

The first essay is devoted to the statement of "The Class Struggle," and the conditions which produce it—"first, a class inequality, a superior class and an inferior class (as measured by power); and, second, the closing of the outlets whereby the strength and ferment of the inferior class have been permitted to escape." Such conditions are provided by the "capital class" and "the labor class" in the United States. The opportunities offered by an expanding frontier, the development of natural resources and the upbuilding of new industries whereby the ambitious laboring man formerly made his promotion into the ranks of the capitalists are now closed. Rockefeller has shut the door on oil, the American Tobacco Company on tobacco, Carnegie, "the bourgeois king," on steel. The result is that the captains of industry are drawn up in battle line against the captains of labor. Labor is organized in unions and strengthened by affiliations with socialists, wielding an increasing balance of power through politics. Capital is organized in leagues, offensive and defensive, but weakened by divisions within itself, small capitalists against large capitalists, which irritate and confuse conditions, and by a lack of consciousness of the imminence of danger in the vast propaganda waged by the enemy. The outcome of the conflict Mr. London does not foretell.

Other essays in the book deal with particular phases and products of the struggle—"The Tramp"—the scapegoat of economic sinning, the by-product of the great surplus labor army which is an economic necessity—"The Scab"—"the worker who gives more value for the same price than another," by which definition the United States is the great colossal "scab" against which all Europe is clamorous with agitation. Mr. Rockefeller is classified by the writer as a most regal ex-scab—having passed through all the villainies of scabdom. King Edward, by the same distinction, is a royal non-scab, as are all others who receive hereditary food and shelter privileges, coupon cutting rights, powers entailed by plunder they have not themselves accumulated.

In "The New Law of Development," Mr. London advances the theory that the "class conscious" laboring man is not opposed to the "trust," but on the contrary exults in it—in that it organizes industry on an enormous labor saving scale, abolishes wasteful competition and socializes production. There remains nothing for him to do but to socialize distribution, which it is his intention to accomplish by insisting on his share of the profits.

The book is printed by the Macmillan Company.

Good Story of a Murder Trial.

Mr. Lambert, who was chosen to be foreman of the jury in Frederic Trevor Hill's ingenious and highly interesting story of "The Accomplice" (Harper & Brothers), will be found to have been a very conscientious man. A scholar, and esteemed by many to be the first living authority on the subject of Persian poetry, he has led a sequestered life, and it was a great change for him to be foreman of a jury in a murder case in which the defendant was a young and unusually attractive woman. He tried not to be on the jury; his first look at Miss Emory, the defendant, convinced him that she never could have murdered anybody; but the curious fact was developed when he was examined as to his qualifications to be a juror that he had never read about the murder of Mr. Shaw in the newspapers, had never even heard of it, and he was clapped into the jury box before you could say Jack Robinson.

When the story of Mr. Shaw's murder was outlined by the prosecutor in his opening address Mr. Lambert found himself enthusiastically interested. It is doubtful if anything in the course of his investigations of Persian poetry had ever moved him so profoundly. When the jury was dismissed at the close of the first day's proceedings he was much impressed by the Judge's warning to the jurors not to converse with anybody about the case and not to read about it in the newspapers. Circumstances seemed to conspire against his innocence in this particular. An unintentional eavesdropper, he heard out of court most remarkable testimony bearing upon the Shaw murder. Miss Frayne, a most attractive young person—the foreman's age was 36—came suddenly into his experience and insisted upon saying to him that Alice Emory was her dear friend and that it was stupid and criminally ignorant for anybody not to know that Miss Emory did not kill Mr. Shaw.

Our foreman's conscience got to work at once. He felt it to be his duty to resign. He informed the Judge that circumstances newly arisen and not subject to his control made it necessary for him to retire. The Judge curtly disagreed with him and instructed him to take his seat in the box. The case went on, and embarrassing thoughts and emotions crowded upon our foreman. Miss Frayne's vigorous opinion worked upon him. Miss Emory herself looked as little like a murderess as ever. On the other hand, there were the dreadful things that he had heard secretly, and in a manner surreptitiously. He was torn by distracting opinions. Painful thoughts bore him down. At the same time the trial itself, as it went on, awakened in him a positively enthusiastic interest.

This last is no wonder. The reader of the story will tell himself as much. It was a great murder trial, and the skilful pen of Mr. Hill has set it before us in a most adequate manner. We have, as though ourselves present in court, the examinations, the legal torturings called cross-questionings, the hot exchanges of counsel, the testy deliverances from the bench. Our foreman is neck deep in the case, in court and out of it. He is the accomplice of the title. The reader will like him. He will like Miss Frayne. He will like the Judge. He will like the amiable and big shouldered prosecutor, not at all a man of storm and yet a competent man. He will be amazed by the fury of the counsel for the defense. We are mistaken if he divines, before the author throws out the hint, who killed Mr. Shaw. But we think that he will early be assured as to the outcome of the case of the foreman and Miss Frayne. A remarkably good story.

Theodora and J. Gilchrist.

The reader, as he may have expected, will find a story in "The Letters of Theodora," by Adelaide L. Rouse (The Macmillan Company). Theodora bids for our deep sympathy in her first letter, which is addressed to her friend Miss Felicia Cabot, at the Rockwell Institute, in Rockwell, N. J. Our letter writer and heroine is in New York trying to sell the wares of her imagination to abominably indifferent and slow purchasers. A ghost story in which she had extravagant faith has just come back from the *Black Cat*, an obviously unintelligent publication, and within twenty-four hours she has received the thanks of six publishers, accompanied by as many articles penned thoughtfully and laboriously by her and declared succinctly by them to have been found unavailable.

Here was a state of things. It hurts the heart, to say nothing of the stomach, to have manuscripts returned. Troubles augmented themselves. They grew to be very much like giants. A novel came back to Theodora. It had only been out three weeks. She did not believe it could have been read in so short a time. This suspicion that it takes more than three weeks to read a novel shows that Theodora's troubles had touched her mind. Her resolution and industry in urging the novel seem to have remained unimpaired. She kept it hovering in the hands of the literary advisers. In her fourth letter, addressed to Miss Leigh Brandenberg, at Seven Oaks, Sullivan county, N. Y., she reported it as *in statu quo*. The journeying and unembraced novel had an attractive name. It was entitled "A Novice at Life."

Theodora had certain distractions and interests, if not compensations. We find her "going out for a beefsteak, a salad and a cup of coffee" in the third letter. The fifth letter makes us aware that she attended divine service at St. Polycarp's. She had a way of going there, though it was not convenient, because she liked the rector, an ascetic looking man, with a nice voice, who read the liturgy remarkably well. Moreover, John Gilchrist turns up in the fifth letter, and we know immediately that he is going to be important. There is a good deal in the fifth letter about John. "He is in town, is instructor in Latin at Columbia University." "To think of his being at Columbia!" "He has grown quite a bit stouter and the extra flesh is becoming to him. Evidently, he takes to New York as a duck takes to water. He looks like a man who would enjoy a good dinner and make a good speech afterward." "I don't want him in New York. Still, I don't see what I am to do about it; it is a free country."

Was it really the case that Theodora did not want John in New York? He must have served to divert her mind from the novel on its travels, and from the inflow of ironical thanks, along with rejected manuscripts, from the editors. Still, in spite of John, or it may be by reason of John as well as of the literary mishappenings, Theodora's belts got loose and her rings almost slipped from her fingers. She took to milk and raw eggs, poor girl. She paid a visit to the old farm in Massachusetts where her family lived before they moved to North Dakota. A nice old man took her along when he went after the cows, and she saw the elder bushes and the goldenrod in the cow lane, and had "a nice, homey supper" and stayed all night, and dreamed dreams of childhood, in which Johnny Gilchrist was included.

It is not allowable to tell all, even of a very charming tale. We may be permitted to extract from the fifty-sixth letter, written from London, the brief intelligence: "John and I were married yesterday morning at the American Embassy. Sudden, was it not?" In the fifty-ninth and last letter we find the pair in New York again and tinkering away at a sonnet together in their "common study." But more we shall not reveal. Theodora wrote well, and her letters make an amusing and delightful story.

Ugly Todhunter.

It is not likely that the reader will think Todhunter a very pretty baptismal name for the hero of Margaret Doyle Jackson's story, "When Love Is King" (G. W. Dillingham Company). Doubtless it was not meant to be pretty, but rather to fit the bearer, who was not handsome, though he had sterling virtues and a heart that was in the right place.

We see Todhunter in his infancy. At the age of 7 he had saved seven pennies, with which he was on his way to buy a bullseye lantern, when he met Pike, the butcher's son, who was about to drown a dog. Pike agreed to exchange the doomed dog for the seven hoarded pennies, but when he had got the money he treacherously refused to perform his part of the bargain. He was moving on with the dog in the direction of the water, when little Todhunter, beside himself with anger, flew at him in front, while Todhunter's friend Luke, a second hero in the story, moved vigorously upon him in the rear. The battle is vividly described. We are glad to say that the dog was saved.

The heroine is introduced to us in a chapter entitled "The Poppy Lady." She fell in a field of stubble and wounded her hand. She wore a scarlet dress, and Todhunter, who caught his first glimpse of her as she lay prostrate, thought her a clump of poppies, when she jumped up and approached him, holding out the injured member. Her age was six. She wore shiny black slippers and short white socks, "above which shone two little bare knees almost as white, but now cruelly scratched. Around her face her tousled hair held the golden gleam of corn waving in the sunlight, and through the hardly suppressed tears her eyes turned to Tod with tender blue brilliance."

So there we have the three important characters of the tale—Todhunter Payson, Luke Lyttle and Jessie Dunham, the poppy lady, who, it is pleasant to record, was soothed and interested when Todhunter kissed the wounded hand and wiped away the slight trickle of blood with his cap, having no handkerchief. The three grew up, and we should love to tell all about them if we thought it would be quite fair to the author. Todhunter grew no handsomer with the years. The story frankly calls him ugly. He was rugged and rude, like his own Cornish coast country.

Luke, on the other hand, was handsome. He had all the graces. He was good, too. We find the two contrasted in a chapter entitled "Mr. Payson of Cornwall." Todhunter was a great mining engineer. We find him here electrifying the Society of British Engineers in an address on copper mining: "Todhunter used no dramatic gestures; the drama lay in his control of that body, its rapt attention and dissent, and in his gentle, splendid, ruthless disregard of it."

We have been impressed by the description of his treatment of dissenters in the audience. They had the temerity to ask him questions when his address was finished. They fatuously thought to stump him. He was relentless with them. We read: "He handled his enemies much as though they had been wasps. One by one, he took them up, and accurately, easily, scientifically, and with most fatal gentleness, pinched their buzzing wings off. Then with his own big courtesy he laid the maltreated things down and let them crawl away." The wonder to us is that they did not turn tail sooner; but he seems to have come off without wounds.

In this same hour, marked by his so rude and splendid triumph, Luke and Jessie walked together where "the moors and sea lay dreamily under the moon" at Staley Crags. It is recorded that she was lovely in the moonlight, and we are satisfied that so was he. He handed her a rose. As she took it, and "while their fingers yet touched, the madness of the white moon struck Luke; he bent and ardently pressed the petals with his lips."

She dropped the rose "with a low startled gasp." He said: "Jessie, why did you do that?" She answered: "Oh, I had to. It is full of thorns. It stung me." Said the gentle Luke, smiling, as he stooped to recover the rose: "I will remove them. My rose must have no thorns for you, Jessie." The girl stood icily cold. "Her darkened blue eyes flashed down like cruel stars. She said with biting carelessness: 'Oh no; don't try to remove them, please. It would not be possible. If one doesn't like thorns, one had best leave roses alone.' Deeply abashed, Luke ground the flower under his heel."

Surely a poetical and significant scene. We must not go too far, but we will add that Jessie was engaged to marry Todhunter in September. We should like to tell of the aged man who was found by Jessie among the stone antiquities on the moor. She thought for a moment that he was a Druid. He addressed her and Todhunter in ancient Hebrew. We should like to tell who he turned out to be, and whether Todhunter, who was a waif and a charity boy, ever discovered his father. There is much that we should like to tell, but we have no mind to forestall the reader, who will find excellent entertainment in learning all these things from the book.

For the Sublimation of Government.

Mr. H. M. Williams, author of the newly published book, "Evolution—Revolution—Which?" (The M. W. Hazen Company), says that "the Sources of Power should never under any plausible pretext confer their power, even for a single hour, on any man or body of men, but should retain it always under their own control." He says that the Sources of Power are three in number and are Muscle, Brain and Money. Beginning at page 46 he maps out a new plan of government which he believes would be advantageous for this country. We would gladly reproduce the whole of it if there were not powerful reasons operating to our restraint.

For one thing Mr. Williams thinks that Congress should consist of three divisions, to be called the Commons, the House and the Senate. The Commoners should be elected by the Muscle Power, every male person of a fixed age being allowed to vote. This, he says, "would be real Manhood Suffrage," and we should think there could be no doubt of it. Members of the House should represent the Brain Power, and should be elected by male and female voters possessed of "a certain limited education." Senators should represent the Money Power, and should be elected by males and females paying a certain amount of taxes.

Why strong women should not be allowed to vote for Commoners we cannot see. Suppose a laundry strike should come up in Congress; would there not be a definite injustice to the Sources of Power? Anybody having it in mind to be President had better be it before Mr. Williams's plan comes into effect, because the Sources of Power will not do very well by him afterward. He will hardly be grateful to them if he has blood and ambition. The book has seemed to us very ingenious and earnest. We have not discovered in it a single base or selfish idea.

An Able Romance of the Japanese War.

To the great mass of literature inspired by the Russo-Japanese conflict Sidney McCall has made a notable and significant contribution in his new romance, "The Breath of the Gods." It is a romance to be reckoned with and singularly pertinent to the time in its conscientious and elaborate interpretation of the tenacity of Japanese ideals, the intensity and silent force of the Japanese character and their inspirations in the traditions, customs and governing principles of Japanese life.

To the construction of the story the writer has evidently devoted sincere and painstaking effort, and the result is a book which rewards careful reading and thoughtful consideration. The plot is clear and strong, the intention unconfused, the characters real and easily visualized. Intense in parts and strongly colored with the mysticism

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